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THE LITTLE KING OF SPAIN (JUST RECOVERING FROM INFLUENZA), WITH HIS MOTHER, THE QUEEN-REGENT, AND HIS SISTERS.

I am glad to see that a project is being started by some influential politicians for getting up a newspaper devoted to the publication of news about the misgovernment of Russia and the treatment of political prisoners. The promoters are Liberals; but I see no reason why Tories—especially Tory Democrats—should not join. I saw "Stepniak" the other day—the brilliant creature with the broad grave face, coal-black eyes, and shock of

months after his father's death, and will be four years old on the 17th of May next.

Mr. Arthur W. Pinero.

Looking in at Terry's Theatre last Saturday night, I was reminded of the fact that Mr. Pinero has had longer run for "Sweet Lavender" than has yet been recorded on the London stage for any drama save "Our Boys" and "Sweet Lavender" is not a great play, but it is a remarkably pleasing one; and it provided that excellent comedian Mr. Edward Terry with one of his best character-parts, that of Dick Phenyl, the blubious barrister. No wonder "Sweet Lavender" reached its 683rd performance on Saturday last, when its humours were relished through influence, was felt to be unfortunate. Pinero's great ability he ought to produce a masterpiece. Perhaps his admirers will say that he has already done so, and I will not argue the question. One thing is certain. Mr. Pinero is an original dramatist. Some of his pieces actually fail to win the success they might have done from that very cause. Matthew Arnold tells us that a certain degree of novelty is admissible for "the world loves new ways," but he adds that going far in that direction leads to failure. Mr. Pinero is a direct student of the higher class of French dramas, and he is directly opposed to the old-fashioned "live happily ever after" method. Thus many of his admirable critics end with the audience in tears and as an example. "The Money Spinner" was also a *tour de force* in its way, and attracted much attention, increased by admirable acting. Novel "Far from the Madding Crowd" caused much controversy, but the ability of the dramatist was not denied. I have always thought that justice was never done to the merits of "The Rector," in which the late Mr. Clayton played so well. But the style of Mr. Pinero was comparatively new to the play-going public. It is assumed that he will ere long produce a drama of a very elaborate and original kind, first trying it in the provinces. It may turn out the masterpiece his friends have long anticipated.

EDWARD TERRY AS DICK PHENYL.

The lady who is just at the moment more talked about in "Society" than most was taken leave for the beautiful wife of Captain O'Shea. Captain O'Shea is justified in the proceeding, who is the sister of Sir Evelyn Wood, and the daughter of Sir John Page Wood. She fascinated all who met her at her father's house. Her mother, Lady Wood, had great ability as a novelist; but her second daughter, Mrs. in action. Lady Thomas Barrett Lennard, before her marriage, often acted with singular success in the private theatres at her father's house. Mrs. O'Shea had an exquisite figure and a most attractive face, her sunny-brown hair being very attractive. Her deep rich voice, not admired. Owing to the social celebrity of the lady and the political position of Mr. Parnell, this divorce case will probably be a sensational one.

Mrs. O'Shea.

Mr. H. J. Byron's comedy "Cyril's Success," which followed "Caste" at the Criterion, was considered by the author his best play. In dedication files to the late Shirley Brooks—how the called a "droll" and a "puister," so he had produced an original comedy in five acts. "Cyril's Success" is a very smart and lively comedy, and it is interesting throughout, although the plot motive on which it is founded. Cyril Cuthbert success as an author, and his pretty wife, being neglected, fancies that some other lady is engrossing her husband's attentions. A friend of the husband drops a letter written by a lady, and, suspicious, and she hastily—more hastily than her husband's roof. The complications ensue. Cyril's friend Major Treherne, as Mrs. Stapleton Bliss, the lady to whom he is engaged, difficulties are eventually cleared up, and all ends happily. The conflicting interests and emotions of the characters supplying no little amusement for scenes from the first. The dialogue is bright and clever, and altogether "Cyril's Success," when fairly well acted, never fails to please.

"Cyril's Success."

"Three Men in a Boat," the droll holiday story-book by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, was warmly praised to me the other night by a charming lady I had the good fortune to sit next at the play. From what she said, I

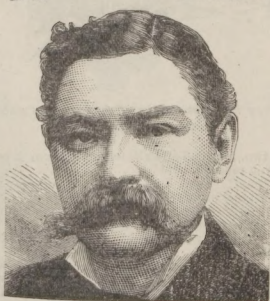
verily believe this amusing narrative of adventure on the river hastened her recovery from influenza. Mr. Arrowsmith, the Bristol publisher, may like to cite this recommendation in his next advertisements of "Three Men in a Boat" (to say nothing of the dog). I am glad of this opportunity of referring to the undoubted merits of Mr. Jerome's lively story. There is a welcome freshness about it. Reading it, one is reminded now of the quiet humour of Artemus Ward, and then of the quaint fancies of Mark Twain. Throw in a spice of the zesty satire of the author of "Stage Land" himself, flavoured by picturesque "asides" full of tender poetry, and you may form some notion of the peculiar charm of "Three Men in a Boat." Those who have sunny memories of the richly wooded reaches of Cliveden and Cookham, and of the beauties of the lovely Quarry Woods, of Marlow and Henley, need no incentive to hie again to those alluring haunts. But I fancy many who are ignorant of the delights of river-scenery may, by reading with relish "Three Men in a Boat," feel impelled to view for themselves in the coming summer the fascinating portions of the Thames Mr. Jerome waxes eloquent upon.

The Thames National Regatta.

is to be revived next summer. I am heartily glad to hear the good news. Our rowing men, amateur and professional, ought not to rest till they have won back the Sculling Championship of the World, transferred first to Canada and next to Australia. I feel confident there are to be found in the ranks of Young England oarsmen still possessing the same qualities of skill and pluck as Bob Chambers and Jon Benford did in their prime. Their water craft (no allusion to the gambling demon who ruined professional rowing on the Thames) does but need the encouragement, which will be freely given by such good sportsmen and true as the Earl of Londesborough, Lord Ampthill, Mr. F. Playford, and Mr. Walter Chinnery. They will do their best, with the aid of the Lord Mayor and the help of the foremost amateur boating men, to re-establish the Thames National Regatta. It must be for the rising generation of professional rowing-men, Doggett's coat and badge winners and others, to be equal to the occasion—i.e. to put forth their utmost power and skill, and strain every muscle, in response to the liberal invitation of their staunch patrons. Apropos of sculling, a very handsome vellum memorial of British sportsmen's warm regard for the late champion Searle has been numerous signed at the instigation of Mr. W. J. Innes, and will shortly be sent to Searle's parents in Sydney, with the Royal Humane certificates Mr. H. Woodstock was instrumental in obtaining as records of the gallantry of Searle and Matterson in endeavouring to save life on the Thames.

THE PROMPTER.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA



THE LATE HENRY J. BYRON

contributed so much to the healthy amusement of the public that the liveliest interest was taken in the revival of his capital comedy of "Cyril's Success" in place of "Caste" at the Criterion last Saturday night. As in the case of "Caste," however, so with regard to "Cyril's Success," the services of Mr. Charles Wyndham were sadly needed to quicken the interest and to make the piece go "pat." Vivacity and sprightliness of presentation are essential to the complete success of such plays. The witty and humorous lines of Byron especially must be delivered briskly and brightly to tell well. As it was, the chief actor appeared to reserve his force for strident anathema behind the curtain—a mistake which made everyone smile. Your ubiquitous "Prompter" having told the simple story of "Cyril's Success," which was first produced some twenty-two years ago at the Globe, there is no necessity for me to say more than a few words about the acting. As Mrs. Cuthbert, the neglected wife who by an unfortunate misunderstanding (skillfully brought about) deserts her husband, Miss Olga Brandon played admirably throughout. Miss Brandon should have a bright future before her. Mr. Leonard Boyne must handle the part of Cyril Cuthbert with a light hand ere his performance can be deemed satisfactory; while the humorous Matthew Pincher of Mr. David James and the vivid Mrs. Grannett of Miss E. Brunton were all that could be desired, and didn't suffer by comparison, at least in my recollection, with the late Mr. John Clarke and Mrs. Stephens. The Hon. Fred Titbitt of Miss F. Frances

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was also praiseworthy; the Major Treherne of Mr. Arthur Elwood was really excellent; and a cordial word of praise and encouragement should be offered to Mr. G. Stanton for his lifelike impersonation of the young club "masher," Viscount Glycine. In short, "Cyril's Success" is well worth seeing as a good example of Byron's comedy, and it will be better worth seeing when the performance has been galvanised with some Wyndham electricity. For a favourable sample of Byron's domestic drama, hie to Toole's, and see the much-fêted Toole in "Dearest Than Life."

Disappointment was naturally felt at the non-appearance of Mrs. Langtry at the St. James as Rosalind on Tuesday, owing to a bad bronchial attack. It seems but the other day this captivating lady was a "fashionable beauty" delighting aristocratic circles and social gatherings. But eight years have passed since she first appeared professionally. That was at the Haymarket, in Robertson's "Onions" on Jan. 1, 1882. Next the fair "Jersey Lily" was seen in "She Stoops to Conquer" as Miss Hardcastle, and she "stooped to conquer" in reality by taking a provincial tour, during which she gained much experience. Another of the characters in which Mrs. Langtry was seen in the Spring of the same year was Hester Greshbrook in "The Unequal Match," a rôle created by Amy Sedgwick. This part Mrs. Langtry also played at the Imperial Theatre in the following September. Encouraged by a fair amount of success, Mrs. Langtry also ventured upon Rosalind in "As You Like It." This character was much discussed. Mrs. Langtry was admired for her appearance, her pleasant voice, and her stately figure, but it was considered then that she failed to reach the Shakspearean standard. However, Mrs. Langtry had a host of admirers, and when, within a year after her debut, she paid a visit to America she became very popular. Her success in the United States since, and the great improvement in her acting in various other characters, are matters of notoriety. Thus, she has acquired herself well as Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons" and as "Lady Clancarty," as Lena Despard in "Esther Sandraz," and has even courageously undertaken the arduous part of Lady Macbeth. Mrs. Langtry's love of the character of Rosalind, and her belief in her own power, may be seen in her selecting that character for the first performance at the St. James's Theatre. Her task in following such a distinguished performer as Mrs. Kendal was not an easy one; but, when we contrast the present acting of Mrs. Langtry with what it was when she first appeared upon the stage, it is impossible not to admire her capacity and her courage, and to wish her every success. The bright, grey-eyed "Jersey Lily" Millais painted has a fair face whose fascinating expression it is impossible adequately to represent in black and white, but Mrs. Langtry is limned as well as our photographer can limn her on another page.

Mr. George Grossmith has done so well in the provinces with his Cornish-Gaelic entertainment that he is to give two or three recitals at St. James's Hall at the commencement of the London season.

When that charming American comedienne Miss Ada Rehan reappears in London in the Spring, we shall have an opportunity of comparing her Rosalind (quite the rage in New York) with Mrs. Langtry's Rosalind.

I hear from trustworthy sources that, of the English touring companies in America, Mr. Wilson Barrett has been doing splendid business "all along the line" from Boston to New York, Washington to Philadelphia, and Chicago. The New Olympic is being rebuilt for him by Mr. Wilmott. Similar good news comes of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, who at once established themselves great favourites; on 24th they will net £20,000. Likewise of Mr. Charles Wyndham. I learn that both representative companies of comedians are "coming money." But rumour hath it that it is, unfortunately, quite the reverse with Mr. William Terriss, who must wish himself back at the Adelphi.

Handsome Marie Rozé is touring successfully with her concert company in Scotland.

As we are to have English Opera, or, at least, Opera in English, by the Carl Rosa Grand Opera Company, at Drury-Lane at Easter, it is of interest to note that Vincent Wallace's melodious opera of "Lurline" has been revived with brilliant success by this best of opera companies at the Liverpool Court. It will be a rare musical treat to see and hear this melodious lyric romance at Old Drury. Madame Georgina Burns (in the title-rôle of Lurline), Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mr. Leslie Crotty, Mr. Aynsley Cook, Mr. Max Eugene, and Mr. E. Goossens as conductor, are warmly praised. With respect to the Summer season of the Italian Opera at Covent-Garden, Mr. Augustus Harris is steadily surmounting the difficulties thrown in his way by this exacting prima donna and that testy tenor. He has done well in engaging Signor Benigni as Conductor, and in re-engaging those supremely popular singers the De Reszkés.

The Bohemian Musical Society continues to give bright entertainment and to promote harmony in Sydenham by means of a series of attractive concerts. The last musical soiree at the Crystal Palace was a ladies' evening, and proved remarkably enjoyable. That exceptionally sweet-voiced tenor Mr. Dalgely

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ONE FOR THE SHREW.

Brown: "Does your wife keep her temper very well?" Jones: "Um—um—er—some; but I get the most of it."

EYE-OPENER FOR THE INN-KEEPER.

LANDLORD (to departing guest): "I trust I may rely upon your recommending my establishment?" Guest: "Impossible! I don't happen to have at this moment a mortal enemy in the world!"

BLIND LOVE.

WILKIE COLLINS'S LAST ROMANCE.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DUE NECESSITY.

THE Irish lord had a word to say to his wife, before he submitted to her the letter which he had just written.

He had been summoned to a meeting of proprietors at the office of the newspaper, convened to settle the terms of a new subscription rendered necessary by unforeseen expenses incurred in the interests of the speculation. The vote that followed, after careful preliminary consultation, authorised a claim on the purses of subscribing proprietors, which sadly reduced the sum obtained by Lord Harry's promissory note. Nor was this inconvenience the only trial of endurance to which the Irish lord was compelled to submit. The hope which he had entertained of assistance from the profits of the new journal, when repayment of the loan that he had raised became due, was now plainly revealed as a delusion. Ruin stared him in the face, unless he could command the means of waiting for the pecuniary success of the newspaper, during an interval variously estimated at six months or even at a year to come.

"Our case is desperate enough," he said, "to call for a desperate remedy. Keep up your spirits, Iris—I have written to my brother."

Iris looked at him in dismay.

"Surely," she said, "you once told me you had written to your brother, and he answered you in the cruelest manner through his lawyer."

"Quite true, my dear. But, this time, there is one circumstance in our favour—my brother is going to be married. The lady is said to be an heiress; a charming creature, admired and beloved wherever she goes. There must surely be something to soften the hardest heart in that happy prospect. Read what I have written, and tell me what you think of it."

The opinion of the devoted wife encouraged the desperate husband: the letter was dispatched by the post of that day.

If boisterous good spirits can make a man agreeable at the dinner-table, then indeed Mr. Vimpany, on his return to the cottage, played the part of a welcome guest. He was inimitable in gallant attentions to his friend's wife; he told his most amusing stories in his happiest way; he gaily drank his host's fine white Burgundy, and praised with thorough knowledge of the subject the succulent French dishes, he tried Lord Harry with talk on politics, talk on sport, and wonderful to relate (these days) talk on literature. The preoccupied Irishman was equally inaccessible on all three subjects. When the dessert was placed on the table—still bent on making himself agreeable to Lady Harry—Mr. Vimpany led the conversation to the subject of floriculture. In the interests of her ladyship's pretty little garden, he advocated a complete change in the system of cultivation, and justified his revolutionary views by misquoting the published work of a great authority on gardening with such polite obstinacy that Iris (eager to confute him) went away to fetch the book. The moment he had entrapped her into leaving the room, the doctor turned to Lord Harry with a sudden change to the imperative mood in look and manner.

"What have you been about," he asked, "since we had that talk in the Gardens to-day? Have you looked at your empty purse, and are you wise enough to take my way of filling it?"

"As long as there is the ghost of a chance left to me," Lord Harry replied, "I'll take any way of filling my purse but yours."

"Does that mean you have found a way?"

"Do me a favour, Vimpany. Defer all questions till the end of the week."

"And then I shall have your answer?"

"Without fail, I promise it. Hush!"

Iris returned to the dining-room with her book; and polite Mr. Vimpany owned in the readiest manner that he had been mistaken.

The remaining days of the week followed each other wearily. During the interval, Lord Harry's friend carefully preserved the character of a model guest—he gave as little trouble as possible. Every morning after breakfast the doctor went away by the train. Every morning (with similar regularity) he was followed by the resolute Fanny Mere. Pursuing his way through widely different quarters of Paris, he invariably stopped at a public building, invariably presented a letter at the door, and was invariably asked to wait in. Inquiries, patiently persisted in by the English maid, led in each case to the same result. The different public buildings were devoted to the same benevolent purpose. Like the Hôtel Dieu, they were all hospitals; and Mr. Vimpany's object in visiting them remained as profound a mystery as ever.

Early on the last morning of the week the answer from Lord Harry's brother arrived. Hearing of it, Iris ran eagerly into her husband's room. The letter was already scattered in fragments on the floor. What the tone of the Earl's inhuman answer had been in the past time, that it was again now.

Iris put her arms round her husband's neck. "Oh, my poor love, what is to be done?"

He answered in one reckless word: "Nothing!"

"Is there nobody else who can help us?" she asked.

"Ah, well, darling, there's perhaps one other person still left."

"Who is the person?"

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"Who should it be but your own dear self?" She looked at him in undisguised bewilderment. "Only tell me, Harry, what I can do?"

"Write to Mountjoy, and ask him to lend me the money."

He said it. In those shameless words he said it. She, who had sacrificed Mountjoy to the man whom she had married, was now asked by that man to use Mountjoy's devotion to her, as a means of paying his debts! Iris drew back from him with a cry of disgust.

"You refuse?" he said.

"Do you insult me by doubting it?" she answered.

He rang the bell furiously, and dashed out of the room. She heard him, on the stairs, ask where Mr. Vimpany was. The servant replied: "In the garden, my lord."

Smoking a cigar luxuriously in the fine morning air, the doctor saw his excited Irish friend hastening out to meet him.

"Don't hurry," he said, in full possession of his impudent good-humour; "and don't lose your temper. Will you take my way out of your difficulties, or will you not? Which is it—Yes or No?"

"You infernal scoundrel—Yes!"

"My dear lord, I congratulate you."

"On what, sir?"

"On being as great a scoundrel as I am."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE MAN IS FOUND.

The unworthy scheme, by means of which Lord Harry had proposed to extricate himself from his pecuniary responsibilities, had led to serious consequences. If it had produced a series of deliberate estrangements between man and wife.

Iris secluded herself in her own room. Her husband passed the hours of every day away from the cottage; sometimes in the company of the doctor, sometimes along with his friends in Paris. His wife suffered acutely under the self-imposed state of separation, to which he wounded pride and recently felt resentment compelled her to submit. No friend was near her in whose compassionate advice she might have taken refuge. Not even the sympathy of her maid was offered to the lonely wife.

With the welfare of Iris as her one end in view, Fanny Mere honestly believed that it would be better and safer for Lady Harry if she and her husband finally decided on living separate lives. The longer my lord persisted in keeping the doctor with him as his guest, the more seriously he was associated with a merciless wretch, who would be capable of plotting the ruin of anyone—man or woman, high person or low person—who happened to be an obstacle in his way. So far as a person in her situation could venture on taking the liberty, the maid did her best to widen the breach between her master and her mistress.

While Fanny was making the attempt to influence Lady Harry, and only producing irritation as the result, Vimpany was exerting stronger powers of persuasion in the effort to prejudice the Irish lord against my proposal for reconciliation which might reach him through his wife.

"I find an unforgiving temper in your charming lady," the doctor declared. "It doesn't show itself on the surface, my dear fellow, but there it is. Take my wise advantage of circumstances—say you will raise no inconvenient objections, if she wants a separation by mutual consent. Now don't misunderstand me. I only recommend the sort of separation which will suit your convenience. You know as well as I do that you can whistle your wife back again!"

"My friend was rude enough to interrupt him there."

"I call that a coarse way of putting it," Lord Harry interposed.

"Put it how you like for yourself," the doctor rejoined. "Lady Harry may be persuaded to come back to you, when we want her for our grand project. In the meantime (for I am always a considerate man where women are concerned) we act delicately towards my lady in sparing her the discovery of—what shall I call our coming enterprise?—venturesome villainy, which might ruin you in your wife's estimation. Do you see our situation now, and is it really so very well. Pass the bottle, and drop the subject for the present."

The next morning brought with it an event which demolished the doctor's ingenious arrangement for the dismissal of Iris from the scene of action. Lord and Lady Harry encountered each other accidentally on the stairs.

Distressing himself if she ventured to look at him, Iris turned her eyes away from her husband. He misinterpreted the action as an expression of contempt. Anger at once inclined him to follow Mr. Vimpany's advice.

He opened the door of the dining-room, empty at that moment, and told Iris that he wished to speak with her. What his villainous friend had suggested that he should say, on the subject of a separation, he now repeated with a repellent firmness which he was far from really feeling. The acting was bad, but the effect was produced. For the first time, his wife spoke to him.

"Do you really mean it?" she asked.

The tone in which she said those words, sadly regretfully telling its tale of uncontrollable surprise; the tender remembrance of past happy days in her eyes; the quivering pain, expressive of wounded love, that parted her lips in the effort to breathe freely, touched his heart, try as he might in the wretched pride of the moment to conceal it. He was silent.

"If you are weary of our married life," she continued, "say so and let us part. I will go away, without entreaties and without reproaches. Whatever pain I may feel, you shall not see it!"

A passing flush crossed her face, and left it pale again. She trembled under the consciousness of returning love—the blind love that had so cruelly misled her! At a moment when she most needed firmness, her heart was sinking

she resisted, struggled, recovered herself. Quietly, and even calmly, she claimed his decision. "Does your silence mean," she asked, "that you wish me to leave you?"

No man who had loved her as tenderly as her husband had loved her could have resisted that touching self-control. He answered his wife without uttering a word—he held out his arms to her. The fatal reconciliation was accomplished in silence.

At dinner on that day Mr. Vimpany's bold eyes saw a new sight, and Mr. Vimpany's rascally lips indulged in an impudent smile. My lady appeared again in her place at the dinner-table. At the customary time, the two men were left alone over their wine. The reckless Irish lord, rejoicing in the recovery of his wife's tender regard, drank freely. Understanding and despising him, the doctor's devilish gaiety indulged in facetious reminiscences of his own married life.

"If I could claim a sovereign," he said, "for every quarrel between Mrs. Vimpany and myself, I put it at a low average when I declare that I should be worth a thousand pounds. How does your lordship stand in that matter? Shall we say a dozen breaches of the marriage agreement up to the present time?"

"Say two—and no more to come!" his friend answered cheerfully.

"No more to come!" the doctor repeated. "My experience says plenty more to come. I never saw two people less likely to submit to a peaceable married life than you and my lady. Ha! you laugh at that? It's a habit of mine to back my opinion. I'll bet you a dozen of champagne there will be a quarrel which parts



Fanny had opportunities of observing him while she was in the greenhouse.

you two, for good and all, before the year is out. Do you think of that?"

"Done!" cried Lord Harry. "I propose my wife's good health, Vimpany, in a bumper. She shall drink confusion to all false prophets in the first glass of your champagne!"

The post of next morning brought with it two letters.

One of them bore the postmark of London, and was addressed to Lady Harry Norland. It was written by Mrs. Vimpany, and it contained a few lines added by Hugh Mountjoy. "My strength is slowly returning to me" (he wrote); "but my kind and devoted nurse says that all danger of infection is at an end. You may write again to your old friend, if Lord Harry sees no objection, as harmlessly as in the happy past time. My weak hand begins to tremble already. How glad I shall be to hear from you, it is, happily for me, quite needless to add."

In her delight at receiving this good news, Iris impulsively assumed that her husband would give it a kindly welcome on his side; she insisted on reading the letter to him. He said coldly, "I am glad to hear of Mr. Mountjoy's recovery"—and took up the newspaper. Was this unworthy jealousy still strong enough to master him, even at that moment? His wife had forgotten it. Why had he not forgotten it too?

On the same day Iris replied to Hugh, with the confidence and affection of the bygone time before her marriage. After closing and addressing the envelope she found that her small store of postage stamps was exhausted, and sent for her maid. Mr. Vimpany happened to pass the open door of the room while she was asking for a stamp; he heard Fanny say that she was not able to accommodate her mistress. "Allow me to make myself useful," the polite doctor suggested. He produced a stamp, and fixed it himself on the envelope. When he had proceeded on his way downstairs, Fanny's distrust of him insisted on expressing itself. "He wanted to find out what person you have written to," she said. "Let me make your letter safe in the post." In five minutes more it was in the box at the office.

While these trifling events were in course of progress, Mr. Vimpany had gone into the garden to read the second of the two letters, delivered that morning, addressed to himself. On her return from the post-office, Fanny had opportunities of observing him while she was in the

greenhouse, trying to revive the perishing flowers—neglected in the past days of domestic trouble.

Noticing her, after he had read his letter over for the second time, Mr. Vimpany sent the maid into the cottage to say that he wished to speak with her master. Lord Harry joined him in the garden—looked at the letter—and, handing it back, turned away. The doctor followed him, and said something which seemed to be received with objection. Mr. Vimpany persisted nevertheless, and apparently carried his point. The two gentlemen consulted the railway time-table, and hurried away together, to catch the train to Paris.

Fanny Mere returned to the conservatory, and absently resumed her employment among the flowers. On what evil errand had the doctor left the cottage? And why, on this occasion, had he taken the master with him?

The time had been when Fanny might have tried to set these questions at rest by boldly following the two gentlemen to Paris; trusting to her veil, and to the choice of a separate carriage in the train, to escape notice. But, although her ill-judged interference with the domestic affairs of Lady Harry had been forgiven, she had not been received again into favour unreservedly. Conditions were imposed, which forbade her to express any opinion on household matters, and which imperatively ordered her to leave the protection of her mistress—if protection was really needed—in his lordship's competent hands. "I gratefully appreciate your kind intentions," Iris had said, with her customary tenderness of regard for the feelings of others; "but I never wish to hear again of Mr. Vimpany or of the strange suspicions which he seems to excite in your mind." Still as gratefully devoted to Iris as ever, Fanny viewed the change in my lady's way of thinking as one of the deplorable results of her return to her husband, and waited resignedly for the coming time when her wise distrust of two unscrupulous persons might be justified.

Condemned to inaction for the present, Lady Harry's maid walked irritably up and down the conservatory, forgetting the flowers. Through the open back door of the cottage the cheap clock in the hall poured its harsh little volume of sound, striking the hour. "I wonder," she said to herself, "if those two wicked ones have found their way to a hospital yet?" That guess happened to have hit the mark. The two wicked ones were really approaching a hospital, well known to the doctor by more previous visits than one. At the door they were met by a French physician, attached to the institution—the writer of the letter which had reached Mrs. Vimpany.

This gentleman led the way to the official department of the hospital, and introduced the two foreigners to the French authorities assembled for the transaction of business.

As a medical man, Mr. Vimpany's claims to general respect and confidence were carefully presented. He was a member of the English College of Surgeons; he was the friend, as well as the colleague, of the famous President of that College, who had introduced him to the chief surgeon of the Hôtel Dieu. Other introductions to illustrious medical persons in Paris had naturally followed. Presented under these auspicious auspices, Mr. Vimpany announced his discovery of a new system of treatment in diseases of the lungs. Having received his medical education in Paris, he had felt bound in gratitude to place himself under the protection of "the princes of science" resident in the brilliant capital of France. In that hospital, after much fruitless investigation since his return, he had found a patient suffering from the form of lung disease which offered to him the opportunity that he wanted. It was impossible that he could do justice to his new system unless the circumstances were especially favourable. Air, pure than the air of a great city, and bed-room accommodation not shared by other sick persons, were among the conditions absolutely necessary to the success of the experiment. There, and other advantages, were freely offered to him by his noble friend, who would enter into any explanations which the authorities then present might think it necessary to demand.

The explanations having been offered and approved, there was a general move to the bed occupied by the invalid who was an object of professional interest to the English doctor.

The patient's name was Oxbye. He was a native of Denmark, and had followed in his own country the vocation of a schoolmaster. His knowledge of the English language and the French had offered him the opportunity of migrating to Paris, where he had obtained employment as translator and copyist. Earning his bread poorly enough in this way, he had been prostrated by the malady which had obliged him to take refuge in the hospital. The French physician, under whose medical care he had been placed, having announced that he had communicated his notes enclosed in a letter to his English colleague, and having frankly acknowledged that the result of the treatment had not as yet sufficiently justified expectations, the officers of the institution spoke next. The Duke was informed of the nature of Mr. Vimpany's interest in him, and of the hospitable assistance offered by Mr. Vimpany's benevolent friend; and the question was then put, whether he preferred to remain where he was, or whether he desired to be removed under the conditions which had been just stated.

Tempted by the prospect of a change, which offered to him a bed-chamber of his own in the house of a person of distinction—with a garden

"THERE IS UNQUESTIONABLY no better remedy in the whole world for all cough and throat troubles than KAY'S LIZARD—any medical man will assure you of this fact. Relief is speedy; they contain no strong acting, but only simple, drugs; the most delicate can take them. Sold everywhere, in 134d. Tin.—[Adv.]



Some of the gentlemen assembled at the bedside observed a certain accidental likeness between the patient and Lord Harry.

to walk about in, and flowers to gladden his eyes, when he got better—Oxbye eagerly adopted the alternative of leaving the hospital. "Pray let me go," the poor fellow said; "I am sure I shall be the better for it." Without opposing this decision, the responsible directors reminded him that it had been adopted on impulse, and decided that it was their duty to give him a little time for consideration.

In the meanwhile, some of the gentlemen assembled at the bedside, looking at Oxbye and then looking at Lord Harry, had observed a

certain accidental likeness between the patient and "Milord, the philanthropist" who was willing to receive him. The restraints of politeness had only permitted them to speak of this curious discovery among themselves. At the later time, however, when the gentlemen had taken leave of each other, Mr. Vimpany—finding himself alone with Lord Harry—had no hesitation in introducing the subject, on which delicacy had prevented the Frenchmen from entering.

"Did you look at the Dane?" he began, abruptly.

"Of course I did!"

"And you noticed the likeness?"

"Not I!"

The doctor's uproarious laughter startled the people who were walking near them in the street. "Here's another proof," he burst out, "of the true saying that no man knows himself. You don't deny the likeness, I suppose?"

"Do you yourself see it?" Lord Harry asked.

Mr. Vimpany answered that question scornfully: "Is it likely that I should have submitted to all the trouble I have taken to get possession

of that man if I had not seen a likeness between his face and yours?"

The Irish lord said no more. When his friend asked why he was silent, he gave his reason sharply enough: "I don't like the subject."

The next morning witnessed the first in a series of domestic incidents at the cottage which no prophetic ingenuity could have foreseen. Mr. Vimpany and Fanny Mere actually left Passy together, on their way to Paris!

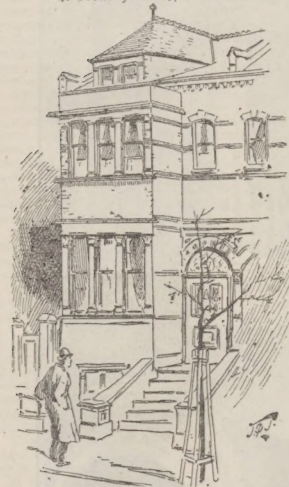
(To be continued.)

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

Who Killed Mrs. Bryden?

THE Chiswick Mystery remains a mystery. With the promptitude that characterises our staff, a P.I.P. Artist sketched the house in which the tragedy was enacted; but the medical opinion first published rendered it advisable not to print the cut. It is now obviously expedient to throw as much light as possible on this dark affair. It was on Jan. 23 that Dr.

31 Linden Gardens, Chiswick
The scene of the supposed murder.



Diplock resumed the inquiry at Chiswick concerning the strange circumstances under which Margaret Louise Bryden, thirty-nine years of age, met her death. The deceased, the wife of a blind-manufacturer, of Bulstrode-street, Marylebone, lived apart from her husband, under a deed of separation, and resided at 31, Linden-gardens, Chiswick. She and her maid-servant, Margaret Bowyer Flemming, were, it was stated, the only occupants of the house. On Dec. 23 the servant girl left for Scotland, to attend the funeral of a relative. When she returned at midday on Jan. 1, and opened the door with a latchkey, which she usually carried, she discovered her mistress dead on a bed in a room which the girl stated had never before been occupied by the deceased. The gas in the hall and in other parts of the house was burning. When a post-mortem examination was made by Dr. Dods-worth, the police divisional surgeon, he found the deceased's false teeth firmly lodged in the pharynx, while Inspector Warren, when called to the house at the time the dead body was discovered, noticed that a piece of a thick linen nightdress-case had been screwed round and placed in the woman's mouth.

Dr. Edward O. Fountain now stated that, in company with Inspector Warren, he went to 31, Linden-gardens, on Jan. 1, and saw Mrs. Bryden dead on a bed. Her hands were crossed on her chest, and a nightdress-case was in her mouth. The body was warm. He should think that death had taken place about five hours before. The deceased might have pushed the nightdress-case into her mouth herself.

Dr. Dods-worth (recalled) said he found sufficient to account for death without making any internal examination of the stomach. He considered it possible for the teeth to have fallen down after life was extinct, but he was still of opinion that they were pushed down before death. The deceased might have died either from suffocation or from failure of the heart's action. The heart was diseased.

The Coroner, in summing up, remarked that it was quite possible that when Mrs. Bryden spoke to a servant next door, as stated in the evidence on the first occasion, she was alarmed, and that at the time when the plain-clothes policeman went to the house some other man, whom the deceased might not have wished to be seen, was also on the premises.

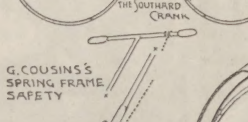
The jury, after deliberating about an hour, returned a verdict of *willful murder* against some person or persons unknown.



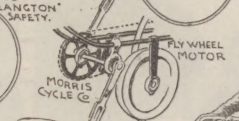
"In the Fen district of Lincolnshire the rat plague is causing much uneasiness among farmers and others. Mr. Lightfoot, on his East Ville Farm, near Boston, killed nearly 200 rats a few days ago."—Daily Telegraph.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN, ADAPTED TO LINCOLNSHIRE.

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MORE CYCLE NOVELTIES AT THE STANLEY SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—[SEE "CYCLE AND CAMERA."]

The Queen has been entertained at Osborne by a fashionable form of amusement. On the Friday and Saturday nights of last week, tableaux vivants, in which Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne, Princess Beatrice, Countess Feodora Gleichen, and members of the household took part, were repeated before her Majesty and several guests. The Great Northern Central Hospital has received a further present of ten pheasants from the Queen. Several other charities have benefited by her Majesty's bounty.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Sir Christopher Teesdale and Sir Francis Knollys, arrived at Marlborough House at seven o'clock last Monday evening from Sandringham on a short visit to London. The Princess of Wales and Princess Maud have now quite recovered from their attacks of influenza at Sandringham.

Prince Albert Victor arrived at Lahore on Jan. 25, and exchanged visits with the native chiefs. In the afternoon his Royal Highness proceeded through the city with his suite on elephants, returning after dark, when the streets were illuminated. Prince Albert Victor later on started for the cavalry camp at Muridki.

Lord Salisbury has almost regained his usual health, and now takes daily exercise in Hatfield Park. By the advice of his doctors he does not visit town, but transacts all Foreign Office business at Hatfield with the help of his private secretaries. His Lordship and Mr. Smith have circulated their Parliamentary supporters to meet them on Feb. 11.

Lord Hartington, if he is well enough to travel, will start for the Mediterranean in about a week. He contemplates a visit to Egypt, and will return to England about Easter.

The thirty-second birthday of the German Emperor was on Monday celebrated by the German colony in London. Count Hatzfeldt, the German Ambassador, gave a dinner party in honour of the event at the German Embassy in Carlton House Terrace.

The condition of the Empress of Austria is still giving uneasiness to those about her. Her handsome face has sadly changed since her son's death. She dresses negligently, dines in solitude, and suffers from the deepest depression.

The programme for the opening of the Forth Bridge by the Prince of Wales has been practically completed. The Prince, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince George of Wales, will arrive in Edinburgh on Monday evening, March 3, and will drive to the New Club, where he will stay during his visit. The directors and the engineers of the bridge will dine with the Royal party that evening. On Tuesday their Royal Highnesses will go to the bridge about 11 a.m. by special train, and will cross to Inverkeithing.

Princess Louise (says the *World*, speaking of the Royal tableaux vivants at Osborne) looked wonderfully handsome, both as Queen Mary in "Rotheringham," and as Queen Philippa in "The Siege of Calais," and the dresses and jewels worn by H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany and Miss McNeill as Esther and Vaidi were something to be remembered. Perhaps the prettiest of all the scenes were played by two unconscious little actors—the pretty, delicate-looking children of the Duchess of Albany, whose deep bows and curtsies to the Queen as they came into the room were executed with much grace, and who, as the evening wore on, made yet another pretty picture as they soundly slept. The Queen was immensely amused, and took the greatest interest not only in the actual performance but also in the rehearsals.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice are expected to return to Windsor Castle about Feb. 18.

Mr. H. M. Stanley was fifty years old last Tuesday. Lord Salisbury is sixty on Monday next.

We had 102,131 paupers in London in the second week in January—61,992 indoor and 40,539 outdoor.

While driving, on Saturday night, from his place of business in Crews to his home at Mough, a village about three miles distant, Mr. Davies, a tailor and draper, well known in that district, was attacked by two men and brutally murdered. A son who was with him managed to escape.

On Saturday night a collision occurred on the North British Railway, near Berwick, between a passenger train and a goods train. A man named Hogg, riding on one of the engines, was killed, and several of the passengers were injured.

A Glasgow four-masted ship, the *Loch Maidart*, has been wrecked on the Dutch coast. Only two of the crew of thirty-two men were saved.

A connection between tight collars and short-sightedness is scarcely apparent at first, but it has been indicated in the operations of Dr. Foster,

LIVER COMPLAINTS.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation. (ADVT.)
TOBACCONISTS' CONSPIRACY.—See Illus. Guide, 229 pages, 3 stamps. Tobaccoists' Outfitting Company (Reg.) Chief Office, 186, Euston-road, London, N.W. (ADVT.)

director of the Ophthalmic University of Breslau, in no fewer than 800 cases that have come under his notice the eyesight was affected by the pressure upon the muscles of the neck, and consequent disturbance of the circulation caused by wearing collars that were too small.

The gale on Saturday and Sunday last caused considerable damage to shipping around the coast and serious loss of life. Floods are reported from various inland districts.

THE RACING WORLD

A GREAT stir is being made by some of the newspaper, sporting and otherwise, on the subject of Rosier's disqualification for the race he won at Plumpton a fortnight or so ago. Whether any expression of indignation against a legal code which permits of wholesale robbery being carried through under its protection will have the slightest effect is more than doubtful. Diligent search through Jockey Club annals leads one to believe that the firm would not believe Moses or the Prophets or the best contemporary witnesses who deposed that the workings of the laws

Favoured Thieves.

and enabled them to rob straight men. Practically the Rosier case comes to this—a horse is allowed to race for very nearly six years. All the while somebody was fully aware that said horse was not qualified to race because the two certificates required by the Jockey Club had not been lodged. As a matter of fact, the veterinary certificate was tendered to Messrs. Weatherly, but no foreign certificate of identity and pedigree was delivered. A few, very few people were aware of the irregularity in Rosier's qualification, and none of these spoke out till

It Suited their Purpose.

The Jockey Club are appealed to vehemently so to alter their rules that such state objections as the one through which Rosier has been disqualified on a protest, which, in equity, should have been

Lodged in 1885 instead of 1890, shall be rendered impossible. Certainly, it seems very hard that such a vicious (legal) state of affairs should exist; but the Jockey Club are very hard indeed to move in these matters. They profess not to care a little bit about betting, and their whole schedule of rules and regulations is founded on the somewhat illogical basis that it is

Better to Punish a Thief

than prevent his thieving. All the same, the folk who accuse the Jockey Club of legalising robbery and helping wrong 'uns are on dangerous ground, because a Club's simple idea of moderating Press and other criticism is to do away with those who oppose them. Instead of arguing on a subject which affects the public, they just meet and vote that A, B, or C, who does not approve of their method shall be

"Warned Off"

Newmarket Heath and all courses on which racing is carried on under their jurisdiction. I doubt whether such high-handed proceedings would be quite tolerated nowadays; but they have been directed against sporting writers many a time and oft.

Our racing men have been getting more and more tired of the recess, which they welcomed so gladly when it commenced. They always profess to be delighted when flat-racing ceases, and talk of the fine holiday they will make in the so-called meteregnum before we get to Lincoln. Halfway

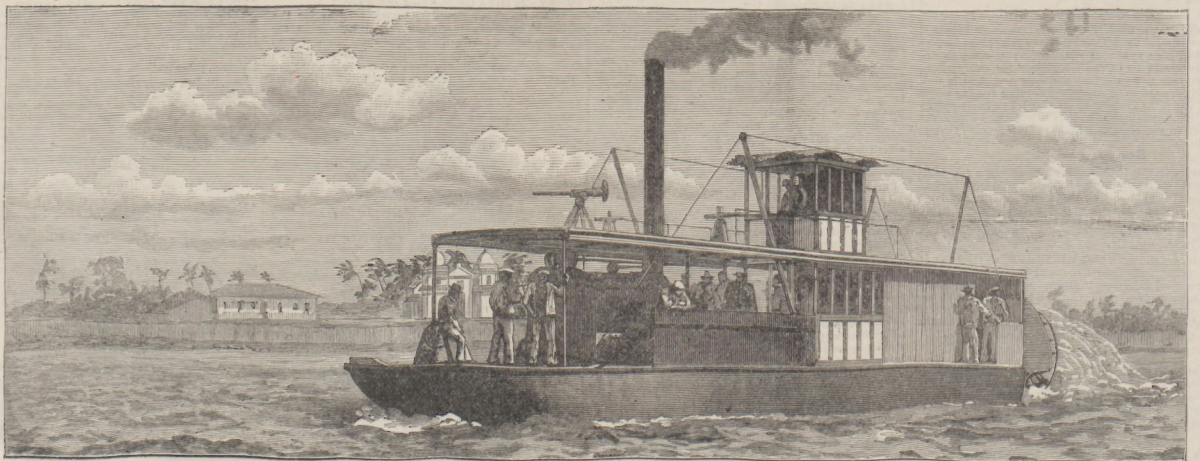
N.B.—Before purchasing a Musical Instrument of any other description, send for our NEW PRIVILEGE PRICE LIST for Season 1890, now ready, entitling the holder to have any instruments mentioned in the List sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, at the very low price quoted for each article. This valuable List contains numerous Illustrations of the leading and most popular Musical Instruments of the day. Sent on receipt of one penny stamp to CAMPBELL and Co.



MRS. LANGTRY AS ROSALIND.
From the Photograph by Sarony, of Scarborough.



STANLEY'S EMIN PASHA RELIEF TRIP: ARABS RAIDING
A NATIVE VILLAGE OPPOSITE YAMBUYA CAMP.



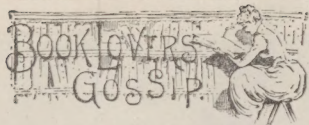
PORTUGUESE GUNBOAT ON THE ZAMBESI.—SEE "SERPA PINTO ON THE RAMPAGE."



MR. HENRY M. STANLEY, EMIN PASHA, AND THE STAFF OF THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.
 From a Photograph brought from Zanzibar by Captain Trivier.



HENRY M. STANLEY (labeled): "I found Livingstone and Emin Pasha in Central Africa. Delighted now to relieve you, Joe, from the spell of the Egyptian Sphinx!"
 JOSEPH RESCUED IN EGYPT.

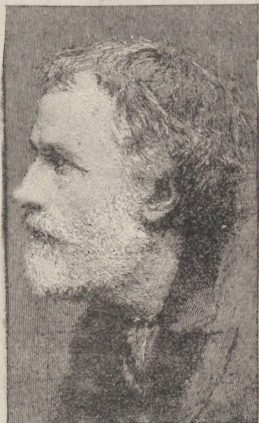


Lord Macaulay.

For some years past I have recognised the need of a well-printed edition of Macaulay's "Essays" at a cheap rate. There were already two cheap editions, but they were certainly not well printed. The only satisfactory Macaulay to buy was in sixteen six-shilling volumes, the "Essays" making four of these. But now Messrs. Longmans have published the four volumes of the "Essays" in two, for nine shillings. They are well printed, and in every way satisfactory. We have here a favourite essayist in a garb worthy of him. It is now somewhat the fashion to sneer at Macaulay. The late Mr. Cotter Morison, in the biography of the great historian which he contributed to the "English Men of Letters" series, deals very effectively with his many blunders and inaccuracies, his superficiality and lack of originality. But, when all is said, it will not be denied that Macaulay's "Essays" are a fine inspiration to literary study, and that by every man and woman on the threshold of his or her literary life they should be among the first books read. Whether it be the essay on Milton or Bunyan, Clive or Chatham, it will kindle a taste for classic literature or for historical study.

George Meredith.

I see that there are two new books about to be published in elucidation of Mr. George Meredith's novels. I am glad to have so marked an evidence of



MR. GEORGE MEREDITH.

Meredith's growing popularity. A few years ago many of my friends admitted that they had never read a line of his works. Now they are all enthusiastic. Some praise the "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," others the "Egoist"—about which Mr. R. Louis Stevenson has waxed so eloquent—and others "Diana of the Crossways." Meredith himself is said to believe most in "Beauchamp's Career," and there is much to be said for his view. There are some passages of wonderful beauty, some incidents of striking power, in "Beauchamp's Career." But, on the whole, I give the palm to the "Ordeal of Richard Feverel" (3s. 6d., Chapman and Hall). If you want, dear reader, to be brought in contact with a remarkable book, full of poetry and passion, with love-scenes more exquisite than anything since Shakespeare, and a rich fund of aphoristic wisdom which will delight you for long years afterwards, read "Richard Feverel"—the best novel of our time.

"The Romance of Dollard."

I do not often feel inclined to review a recent novel. The amount of trash which constantly comes to me is beyond all description. But here, in "The Romance of Dollard," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood (6s., T. Fisher Unwin), is a novel which is far from being trash. It is a story of life in Canada in the seventh century, during the French occupation. Dollard was a brave defender of the French colony against the Indians, and the romance of the tale centres round his beautiful wife Claire, whose womanly heroism is thrillingly interesting.

Music of the Poets.

Birthday books there are without number, but one of the best I have seen is entitled "The Music of the Poets"—a musician's birthday book, edited by Eleanor D'Este-Keeling (6s., Walter Scott). It gives the birthdays of all the great musicians, and in some cases bars of music from their works. It gives apt quotations from the great poets, and, above all, it gives, being a fine quarto, abundant space for the names of one's friends. Some poets not usually met with in birthday books, like Mr. Scribner, Mr. William Morris, and Mr. Theodore Watts, are represented, and, on the whole, this is the Birthday book which I like best of all that I have seen. TATLER.

The Shah is writing, or dictating, his impressions of his recent tour through Europe, which are to appear, in the first instance, in the *Figaro*.

Royal Victoria Hall, the People's Palace for South London.—Variety entertainments will be given at the above hall on Saturdays and Mondays during February. There will be a grand ball concert on Thursday, Feb. 13, when Madame Antoinette Sterling will sing. On Feb. 27 there will be a concert, at which a Welsh choir and John Thomas (harpist) will form special attractions. On the alternate Thursdays there will be given operatic tableaux, with musical selections from "The Rose of Castile" and "Faust."

THE SENSES OF WEALTH are found in Health; and health, strength, nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, and staying power are retained and concentrated in CADBURY'S COCOA.—[ADVT.]



The Stanley Show

has opened at the Crystal Palace, and, as I said last week, the greatest novelties are all to be found in the anti-vibration contrivances. The most self-evident of these is the Pneumatic Tyre, which is everywhere. Whether the various makers believe it will be generally taken up, it would be hard to say; but they certainly have enough faith in it to put it on their sample machines. On tricycles there is no doubt that it will prove an unqualified success: the only question is whether riders will be willing to go about on what looks for all the world like a garden roller.

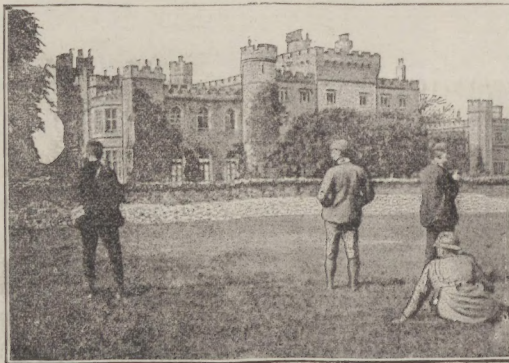
On Safeties it does not answer so well, as all those who have tried it agree that it slips on muddy and greasy roads.

Of course, this anti-vibration problem was solved some time ago most satisfactorily by the Whippet and Weston and other spring-frame Safeties, but the appearance of these machines was greatly against them. Makers this year are trying to please that ever-increasing number of riders who really want comfort; and very simple arrangements have been introduced in the way of springs which one might say insulate the rigid frame from the wheels. This has been done very successfully and simply by the Coventry Machinists' Company, and also by a Dutchmaker, Samuels of Amsterdam.

Many of the English makers say that Samuels steals all his ideas. But the result is such that some of the English makers might now steal from him with advantage.

The Collier and other two speed-gears are now shown for the first time. The Collier is very much simpler than anything hitherto introduced, but I think, clever as these designs are, it is very doubtful if they will ever be widely adopted. Good road-riders do not seem to want them, and, from my experience, it takes almost the same muscular exertion to drive a cycle, no matter to what it is geared. It is merely a question of working your legs faster or slower.

This year the number of Safeties is absolutely overwhelming: they eclipse everything else.



HAWARDEN CASTLE: DETECTIVES DETECTED.

There are fewer tandem bicycles than last year, this machine not seeming to have been taken up by the public. Two, however, made by Rudge and Marriott and Cooper, are to be specially commended, as they have been beautifully turned out, and seem to answer every purpose.

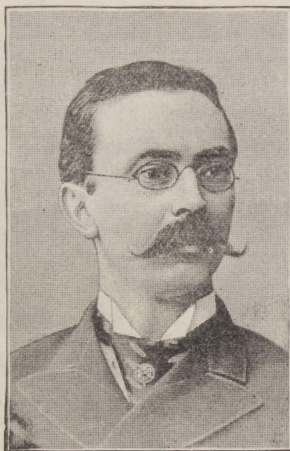
Tandem tricycles, too, are not very much in evidence—that is, new designs. Of course, all the old favourites are there, and many of them, in minor points, improved. But the Safety certainly is all the rage. Many are designed especially for ladies, and, with some of the numerous safety attachments for mounting, I do not see why ladies should not learn to ride them.

There are not so very many military cycles. But the display made by Hillman, Herbert, and Cooper shows how thoroughly Major Edye and his marines have gone into the subject. It must be remembered that all credit is due to them, and not to the Government, though lately a grant of several hundred pounds has been made for a cycling school at Aldershot. I wonder if Colonel Saville will have anything to do with its arrangement? He certainly should.

I did not notice anything specially new about ordinaries, nor about single tricycles, except the swing frame of the Coventry machinists. The Facile people show a rear-driver with their well-

Though you—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What Hudson's
Will do in an hour.

Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with Hudson's EXTRACT OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]



THE CYCLING COOK.

known action applied to it: this ought to be a success. The rest of the big makers have simply confined themselves to improving their well-known patterns. It is not necessary, as it was a few years ago, to bring out some startling novelty in order to ensure attention, and this shows the present healthy condition of cycling. The sensational feature of the show is the gorgeous cool-cycle built by the Coventry Machinists' Company for the Emperor of Morocco, who seems to need a new one very often.

An interested unknown friend in Dublin has sent me the amusing photograph which he calls "The Detectives Detected." I remember hearing about it a month or so ago, and referring to it at the time in this column as of interest to all cyclist photographers. It was taken with a detective camera by one of the American party last summer, and represents four other American

cyclists with Kodaks photographing Hawarden Castle—taken in the very act. These were the Americans personally conducted on their cycles by Mr. Frank A. Elwell, the cycling Cook, who comes with another party this summer, and whose photograph I give this week. N. C. U.

Mr. Bradlaugh arrived at Plymouth on Saturday afternoon last in the steam-ship *Britannia* on his return from India. He considers his health much improved by his voyage, and especially by his brief visit to Bombay, but he is still suffering from weakness.

The late Captain Mayne Reid could have no better biographer than his widow. Mrs. Mayne Reid has completed the memoir of her husband, and it will be published by Messrs. Ward and Downey. Writer of the healthiest of boys' romances among the most fascinating works in the English language, Mayne Reid had a life-story well worth telling.

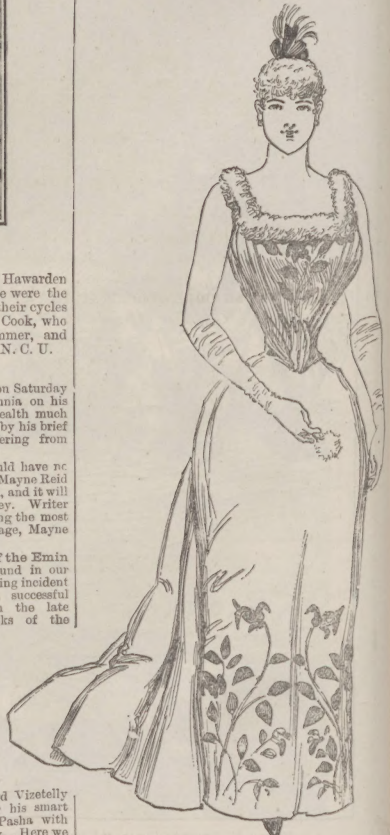
An interesting brace of pictures of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition will be found in our current pages. The first represents a stirring incident in an early phase of Mr. Stanley's successful undertaking. It was witnessed from the late Major Bartlett's camp on the banks of the river Aruwimi. The fight depicted was quite one-sided. It was a ruthless raid of Arab slave-catchers on a defenceless native village opposite the Yambuya Camp—one of the many startling episodes Mr. Stanley will be able to describe in detail when he comes to lecture throughout England. The other engraving marks one of the final stages of Mr. Stanley's expedition. An evening contemporary borrowed from us, without acknowledgment, the item that Mr. James Gordon Bennett had manifestly presented Mr. Edward Vistelly with the handsome gift of £2000 for his smart journey to meet Stanley and Emin Pasha with the *New York Herald* commissariat party. Here we have portrait-sketches of Mr. Stanley and Emin Pasha, Mr. Vistelly, and others, from a photograph brought home by Captain Trivier.

SERPA PINTO ON THE RAMPAGE.

The new Portuguese Government has done wisely in ordering bumptious Major Serpa Pinto to leave the East Coast for the West Coast of Africa. Newspaper scribes who have attacked Lord Salisbury for his energetic and natural protest against the doings of this Serpa Pinto may profit from what the well-known Paris Correspondent Mrs. Crawford says of the fire-eating Portuguese Major:—

"The Portuguese are simply 'trying it on' when they speak of England as a great coward, ready to browbeat a small State and kneel under to a great one. An unexpected witness has given evidence against Serpa Pinto which ought to make that so-called soldier an object of universal horror. The witness is Captain Trivier, of the Senegal Spahis, who crossed Africa last year in ten months, from the mouth of the Niger to Zanzibar. He means to praise Serpa, whom he met in October after the slaughter on the Shire of the 'Akololo. These people are herculean in stature and in strength, and very brave. Livingstone converted them, and they venerate his name. Trivier, who has the French way of regarding natives of Africa, save Jews, as great with no human rights, laughs at the English for making their way by kindness in East Africa. He says that they certainly take no other means. Soft words, presents, talks of Livingstone and his God, media, helix, &c., are their only arguments. But as Trivier has a bad opinion of all dummies, however good-natured or pliant they seem, he does not believe in our methods of treating them. But he believes in Serpa Pinto's. Horrible they are, as he describes them."

"The Portuguese Major told him how the gun-boat and three light war-steamer, which he took up the Shire, scour the country as they speed with mitrailleuses and revolving cannon. A Makololo related to the Frenchman how his tribe had been given a proof of the strength of the King of Portugal, the friend of the Catholic Missions. Serpa Pinto landed from one of his gun-boats, marched up to a village, and said he wanted to see the chief and the best warriors. He ordered them to give him provisions, and to haul down the British flag and hoist the Portuguese. They refused. He told them to think over the matter before he returned to chastise them, as he should do if they remained obstinate. When he came back, the warriors were in line, and hurled defiance. A single turn of the handles of the mitrailleuses moved them down like grass: 175 were killed, a greater number wounded, and the rest fled, the machines blazing away behind them. Two British flags were taken from killed standard-bearers. The poor Makololo had expected that Livingstone's wise-woman Queen would send a man-of-war up the Shire to protect them."



A PRETTY PARISIAN BALL DRESS. SEE "MARGUERITE'S" LETTER.

Why can Love neither be bought nor sold?
Because its only price is Love!

What constitutes National Prosperity? Not wealth or commerce simply, or military achievements, but the greatest possible number of HEALTHY, HAPPY, and GRACEFUL HOMES, where the purest flame burns brightest on the altar of family love, and woman, with her piety, forbearance, and kindness of love, is permitted to officiate as high priestess.

RICHES, TITLES, HONOUR, POWER, AND WORLDLY PROSPECTS ARE AS NAUGHT TO A DEEPLY ROOTED LOVE.

In every being throughout animated Nature, from the most insignificant insect to the most enlightened, ennobled, and highly developed being, we notice a deeply rooted love for one possession before all others, and that is the possession of Life. What will not man give to preserve his life? The value of riches, titles, honour, power, and worldly prospects are as naught compared with the value which the same man, however humble, and even miserable, places on the preservation of his life.



A SONG OF GRATITUDE

By the late S. C. HALL, F.R.S.

who was over eighty years of age when he wrote the following:—

These words a wise Physician said:—
"Beware of a master, all should dread,
Oppose his laws—for Death prepare!
Obedience—Health will triumph there!
With grateful thanks I hail thy name,
ENO'S Fruit Salt, and strive to give it fame.
Your Salt or Fruit can bring me ease,
And give me comfort when I please;
By true spirit, strong or mild,
To calm a man, or soothe a child.
Aid Nature without force or strain;
Strengthen heart, liver, lung, and brain;
Make the pulse neither fast nor slow,
The blood-heat not too high nor low,
So bringing health at little cost,
Restoring what neglect had lost!
To ENO'S Fruit I owe a debt;
The grateful mind may not forget;
With rhyme that death's next day,
Experience teaches what to say."

What nobler aim can man attain, than conquest over human pain?

FOR HEALTH AND LONGEVITY, USE "ENO'S FRUIT SALT."

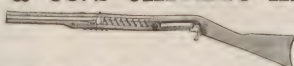
SUGAR, CHEMICALLY COLOURED ACIDULATED SHERBET, STIMULANTS.—Experience shows that Sugar, Chemically Coloured, Acidulated Sherbet, Mild Ales, Port Wine, Dark Sherries, Sweet Champagne, Liqueurs, and Brandy are all very apt to disagree, particularly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. It possesses the power of reparation where digestion has been disturbed or emergency: always useful, can never do any harm. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" should be kept in every bed-room and travelling trunk for any recovery.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Sterling Honesty of Purpose: without it, Life is a Sham!—"A new invention is brought before the public and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

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IS THE CHEAPEST AIR GUN IN THE TRADE.

CHICAGO AIR GUNS.—Send for Sample. Will kill small game at 50 feet. Shoots darts or slugs. An excellent gun for target practice. Cannot explode. Sold by dealers in Fancy Goods. Price 5s. 6d. each.

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TUNA

Neuralgia, Faceache, call at Tuna Offices, 115 Strand, and obtain Relief Free of Charge. Chemists sell it at 10d., 2/6 & 4/6, or post-free from Offices as above, on receipt of 10, 26, or 60 stamps.

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SOLUBLE
EASILY DIGESTED
ECONOMICAL

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well. It is ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THOSE WHOSE DIGESTIVE ORGANS ARE WEAK."

"Sir C. A. CAMERON, M.D."

BOOKS!—TRUE POLITENESS. A book for Ladies and Gentlemen, containing Instructions on Etiquette and Deportment for first and second class travellers. An invaluable guide for good manners. Post-free, 12 stamps.—H. Kington, 278, Strand, London.

WHISKERS, &c.—BALDNESS. Whiskers positively force luxuriant growth in a few days. Surprize everybody. Will prove it for itself. Price, 12 stamps.—J. KENNIE, Chemist, St. Luke's, Cork. Only test it.

WHAT ARE HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS?
PATENT, CURATIVE,
INVIGORATING, EXHILARATING,

THEY are an improvement on the galvanic couple of the celebrated German Professor Humboldt. They are exceedingly simple in their construction, very comfortable to wear, and from their constant action most efficacious as a self-generating reservoir of electricity. They are entirely unique as a therapeutical adaptation of electricity, as they consist of a series of constant current electric generators, which are in continuous action while the belt is worn. They contain also all the essential elements of the dry compress, so well known and appreciated in hydropathic treatment. Acting, as they do, upon all the most important organs of the body, they rarely fail to alleviate most of the disorders resulting from local or general debility, impaired digestion, weak circulation, or defective organic action.

THESE GENUINE ELECTRIC BELTS

are exceedingly comfortable to wear, give wonderful support and vitality to the internal organs of the body, improve the figure, prevent chills, impart new life and vigour to the debilitated constitution, stimulate the organic action, promote the circulation, assist digestion, and promptly renew that vital energy the loss of which is the first symptom of decay. Their healing properties are multifarious. They stimulate the functions of various organs, increase their secretions, give tone to muscle and nerves, relax morbid contractions, improve nutrition, and

RENEW EXHAUSTED NERVE FORCE.

Acting directly on the system, they sustain and assist its various functions, and thus promote the health and vigour of the entire frame.

Besides these benefits, the mind is maintained in a buoyant, cheerful state, and every faculty is stimulated to the highest condition of intellectual strength.

HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS

have stood the test for nearly twenty-five years, have restored thousands of sufferers to health and vigour, are guaranteed to be perfectly genuine, and are constructed on sound scientific principles. The Medical Battery Company (Limited) are the Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of these now world-famed Curative Appliances; and, should any of our readers still have the least doubt as to their bona-fide character, they are invited to call without delay at the Company's ELECTROPATHIC and ZANDER INSTITUTE, 52, Oxford-street (at the corner of Rathbone-place), London, W., where they can see the Belts scientifically tested, and can personally examine the thousands of unsolicited testimonials and Press reports that have been received from all parts of the world.

BEWARE OF BOGUS TOY APPLIANCES

occasionally advertised as "Electric Batteries," &c., but which cannot possibly generate any Electricity.

CHIEF CITIES AND TOWNS OF ENGLAND.

OXFORD.—III.

(By G. A. B. DEWAR.)

With Pembroke I complete my brief sketch of the colleges. But it must not be thought that, apart from the colleges and the University, Oxford has no beauty or interest.

The Cornmarket

has no colleges or university buildings, if we except the Oxford Union, an undergraduate reading and debating club; but it is, nevertheless, a delightfully bright and busy street, with fine shops and public buildings. In St. Aldate's is the new Post Office, erected in 1882. The Corn Exchange, the Townhall, and the Market—which lies between The High and Market-street—are all spacious and well situated. There are many interesting churches—St. Michael's, at Carfax; All Saints, in The High; St. Aldate's and St. Mary Magdalen, in Magdalen-street, which connects the Cornmarket with St. Giles, being especially noticeable.

To those who wait all things are said to come, and at length Oxford has a

Theatre

befitting a city of its size and importance: indeed, that this town, with a population of over 40,000, should have gone so long without a regular theatre seems quite extraordinary. The fact is that the project was rigorously opposed



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From the famous series of Photographic views published by Messrs. Frith and Co., Negate.



OXFORD MIRRORED: COLLEGE BARGES ON THE ISIS.
From the series of Oxford views published by Messrs. Frith and Co., Negate.

for a long while by the University authorities: recently, however, they yielded to solicitations, and, it may be added, to common-sense. In 1887 Mr. Henry Irving himself opened the ball, amid a scene of great enthusiasm.

Oxford Hotels.

There are several excellently appointed hotels in Oxford, among them being the old-fashioned Mitre in The High, the Clarendon and the Roebuck in the Cornmarket, and the Randolph at the corner of Beaumont-street. Boffin's Restaurant in The High and the Queen's in Queen-street are both extensively patronised by townspeople and undergraduates. There are Turkish baths in Merton-street, racquet courts in Museum-terrace, near Keble College, and a tennis court by Holywell-lane.

Oxford's Vehicular Improvements.

The cabs are very comfortable vehicles, and the fares not excessive. There are now several lines of tramways, one running from the railway station to the Cowley-road, down The High, and over Magdalen Bridge; a second from Carfax to a point near the "Upper River" beyond Worcester College. An outcry—not wholly an unreasonable one—was raised some years ago when the project of tramways was started at Oxford: it was argued that such unsightly objects as trams would spoil the most beautiful portion of the city. Yet even Oxford must give way before the advance of civilisation, and tramways were accordingly laid down in the main thoroughfares. They have no doubt proved a great convenience to the

Residents of the Suburbs and outlying districts, such as Cowley and

Summertown. Oxford, indeed, is rapidly growing in size and in population—a fact more especially noticeable in the direction of the Upper River, where building is now being extensively carried on. Yet it cannot, I think, be said with truth that the beauty of the older parts of Oxford—that "sweet city with her dreaming spires"—has materially suffered through the inevitable march of progress: her colleges, gardens, chapels, and her many quaint and lovely nooks are untouched, and remain a "joy for ever." Nor, happily, has the builder or manufacturer made havoc of the surrounding country, for

There are many Lovely Walks

just outside the city: there are the villages of Hinksey, of Illey with its mill and church, and of Cumnor with its historic associations of Amy Robsart, whose tale is told so pathetically by Sir Walter Scott.

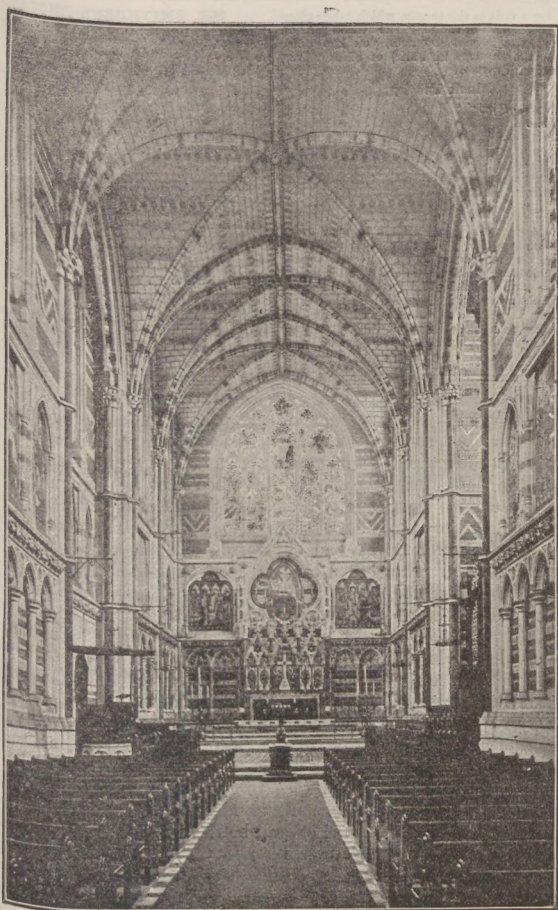
Last, but not least, there is the

River Isis,

or Thames, sweet at all times and seasons, whether on the "Lower River," about the college barges, by Illey Lock, by Sandford Lasier, or by Nuneham Woods—the scene during "commemoration week," in early June, of so many a gay picnic party. It is on this classic stream that the pick of the University oarsmen at this period of the year strain every nerve to qualify themselves to meet Cambridge in the great Spring race for the blue ribbon of the "Thames." Sweet is it to lounge on the "Upper River," by Medley, by the ruins of Godstow Nunnery—once the dwelling-place of the Fair Rosamund—or by Godstow Inn, with its summer wealth of roses, and its pool where



OXFORD MIRRORED: HIGH STREET AND QUEEN'S COLLEGE.
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OXFORD MIRRORED: KEBLE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

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OXFORD MIRRORED: THE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL.

From the series of Oxford photographs published by Messrs. Frith and Co., Reigate.

Lewis Carroll, lying in his boat under the elm-trees, wrote "Alice in Wonderland."
Here, from the garden or from the old stone bridge, the eye may travel back across the silvery stream, and across the green acreage of Port Meadow, to

Rest Lovingly on Oxford,
with her massive domes and many lofty spires.

Mr. Gladstone to Revisit Oxford.—Mr. Gladstone, says the well-informed London Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, is going to Oxford, and intends to make a considerable stay there. He is going up *en garcon*, and is to occupy a set of rooms in All Souls' College, which have been placed at his disposal by the Warden and Fellows. A large crop of articles in the monthly reviews, English and American, may confidently be expected as the result of this academical seclusion. Mr. Gladstone has lately been entirely engrossed by the laborious task of transferring 18,000 volumes from Hawarden Castle to the iron library which he has prepared for their reception. The immense amount of labour involved in this transfer was performed not merely under Mr. Gladstone's personal direction, but mainly by his own hands.

many superstitious about it. One of the old saws tells us that

If Janiver calends be summerly gay,
It will be winterly weather till the calends of May.
But as January favoured us with anything but "summerly gay" weather, in London at any rate, we citizens at least have reason for expecting something more acceptable than "winterly weather" till Spring.

Chilly People.

Then there is an old Latin proverb which has been paraphrased in this manner:—

If St. Paul's Day be fair and clear,
It doth betide a happy year;
But if, by chance, it then should rain,
It will make dear all kinds of grain;
And if the clouds make dark the sky,
Then meat and fowls this year shall die;

If blustering winds do blow aloft,
Then wars shall trouble the realm full oft.
It may interest you to hear that St. Paul is the patron saint of

The Corporation of London,
but even if some of you know the fact already I do not suppose it interests you very much as you do your shopping in St. Paul's-churchyard, under the shadow of the grand old cathedral where so many brave men lie buried.

By the way, as you walk in the muddy, sloppy streets, do you not wish that some clever person would design a really comfortable and, at the same time,

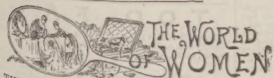
Pretty Walking Dress
for women to wear in rainy weather? I fear there is no chance of our having anything of the

sort as long as the fine ladies who lead the fashion in England have carriages to drive about in. They suffer no inconvenience from the mud, and if by chance, or for the sake of a little variety, they walk in Bond-street and Piccadilly, they have maids at home to brush

The Mud

off their skirts. I have never seen any really pretty, graceful, or thoroughly successful mode of kitting up a long dress out of the mud; and there is not a more pitiable sight of its kind than a fairly well-dressed woman trying to grasp and hold up her gown with one hand, while in the other she probably has

Two or Three Parcels
dangling by loops from her cramped fingers,



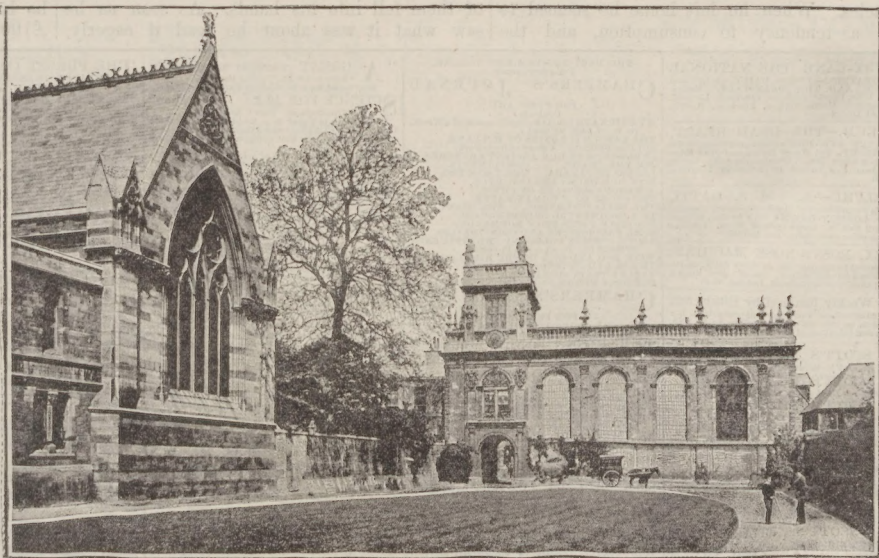
THE WORLD OF WOMEN

I think everyone who lives in England must be interested, more or less, in the weather. It certainly is the land of waterproofs and umbrellas. What a good trade the umbrella-maker's must be, to be sure! Perhaps I ought to say the

Umbrella-seller,
a very different person altogether. Australians and Tasmanians, when they come to the "mother country" for the first time, are very much surprised—and no wonder!—at the vagaries of the English weather, for I quite agree with the American, I think it was, who said that in England there was no real climate, only

Samples of Weather.
Another foreigner, equally uncomplimentary, said that in England there were in the year "nine months winter, and three months bad weather." But it is the fickleness of the "samples" that our Colonial visitors find fault with. In Australia they have a wet season, and act accordingly; but when they go for a picnic or

Water Party
in summer they know it will keep fine all day. But in dear old England a day may begin with the loveliest sunshine and end in a downpour of rain. Did any of you notice the weather last Saturday—Jan. 25, St. Paul's Day? There are



OXFORD MIRRORED: TRINITY COLLEGE CHAPEL.

From the series of Oxford views published by Messrs. Frith and Co., Reigate.

while she, at the same time, struggles with a muff and umbrella; and her misery is made complete by the flapping of an overlong macintosh against her boots. If my memory does not fail me, I think I once before in this column suggested to those of my readers who have to

Brave the Weather

to get a short skirt made specially for outdoor wear. It can be draped to look much better and more graceful than any fastened-up skirt, although I fully agree with anyone who says that no woman looks as well in short petticoats as in long; but I fear, until there is a change for the better in our climate, the majority of us will have to sacrifice

Beauty to Utility.

As I began with a little chat about a Saint's day and the wear of it, I may remind you that this day, Feb. 1, is Candlemas Day, and if any of you have your Christmas decorations still up you may now take them down. In the North of England Feb. 1 is called

"Wives' Feast Day."

I hope the name does not imply that the poor

things are kept on short commons all the rest of the year. In the North, too, women used to carry candles on this day when they went to be "churched." I am sorry to say there are some disagreeable weather proverbs for this day also. For instance—

When the wind's in the east on Candlemas Day,
There it will stick till the Second of May.

But we will not think of anything so dreadful: we will turn our thought to "Sounds of revelry by night," and to a charming frock worn by one of the actresses in the new play, called

"Margot,"

recently brought out at the famous Comedie Francaise in Paris. See on another page the sketch from the *Lady's Pictorial*. It shows a pretty evening dress worn by Mlle. Martet, who took one of the principal parts in the new piece. The dress was made of pea de soie of a lovely shade called cyclamen-rose, and the front of the skirt is ornamented with a simple and beautiful design consisting of long trails of orchids and

Iris Blossoms,

than which nothing can be more graceful when produced in hand-embroidery. Over this pretty

dress, for a visit to the theatre which takes place during the action of the play, the actress puts on a smart little bonnet (bonnets, you know, are worn at the theatres in Paris) of black velvet, trimmed with tufts of

Black Feathers

and bands of bright Indian embroidery, while, on her shoulders, she wears a lovely theatre wrap of green-grey woollen material, woven with threads of gold, lined with pink silk, and trimmed with rich black-fox fur. Perhaps some of my young readers may think, when they read the above, that it must be delightful to be on

The Stage,

and to have such pretty clothes to wear every night—and so it is; but they must remember that to gain the position occupied by the wearer of the charming gown given in our Sketch means years of hard work! To be an actress means a great deal more than merely going on the stage, although I believe there are women in the world, and men too, who think that if they go on the stage they must be actor or actress.

MARGUERITE.

MR. SMITHERS' EXCUSE.

MISS ELDER: "Why were you not at my birthday reception yesterday, Mr. Smithers? Didn't you receive your card?"

MR. SMITHERS: "Yes, but I mislaid it."

MISS ELDER: "But didn't you remember the date?"

MR. SMITHERS (without malice): "I thought I did, until I heard a gentleman say that you were born yesterday."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF IT.

AMERICAN MISS: "You English have some absurd customs. Now there's no justice and no sense in rhyme and no reason, in primogeniture."

LORD BONDHURST: "Oh! I don't know, now. It's just like this, you see—First come, first served."

A "CHESTNUT."

EXPERIENCE is a great teacher, but the little intell we use to rub ourselves on is a grater.

ONE-SIDED.

SUPERINTENDENT: "Johnny, do you love your teacher?"

JOHNNY: "Yes, Sir; but she ain't stuck on me much."

THE WONDER OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

In the year 1856, Joseph Pyke, with his wife and two young children, sailed from London for Australia. He was a journeyman shoemaker, and so poor that if his passage had not been a gift he could not have gone at all. The passage was long in those days of sailing-ships, and his vessel—after having been nearly wrecked off the Cape—consumed five months in reaching that far-off and then almost unknown country. In England he often had to earn the pennies for his breakfast before he was allowed to have it; but in the new land his condition gradually changed for the better. Finding that farming combined with shopkeeping was likely to pay better than shoemaking, he took up land under the easy terms provided by law, and began making a home for himself. He raised corn and sheep, and sold goods to the rude people of his section. Being industrious, energetic, and sober, he prospered. We should not omit to mention that on the passage he earned a few pounds by cobbling shoes, and this money was all the capital he had to start with. What was still more discouraging, poor Pyke was handicapped by chronic illness. Through his hard life since boyhood he had contracted indigestion and dyspepsia, for which he had never been able to obtain a cure. Indeed, he was now scarcely more than a boy, only twenty-four years old, and a stranger in a country at that time virtually a wilderness and an exile for convicts.

But Pyke was plucky. He had a strain of the genuine old English grit which has helped so many of his countrymen to conquer obstacles. When he left home he seemed to have a tendency to consumption, and the

doctor said, "Pyke, you may go to Australia, but it won't save you. I give you about five months to live. You'll probably arrive just about in time to find a grave in the ground instead of in the water." But the doctor was wrong, as doctors often are. The change from the damp, cold climate of England to the half-tropical climate of the great Southern Continent was somewhat beneficial; but the radical ailment from which he suffered remained. With every change of weather he would have an attack. In a land of plenty he nearly starved, because he could not eat without feeling all the pangs of acute dyspepsia. Physicians were rare birds in Australia in 1856, but Pyke didn't lament on that account, as they had done him no especial good in a country where they were more abundant than shoemakers. So he did his best to forget that he was not a well man, and went on making his fortune. He built a good house, and added land to land until his great farm stretched on every side like a whole county in England; for Australia is so large that a piece of ground the size of this whole island would hardly be missed out of it, and so fertile that wealth is certain to reward everybody who will work.

But while land and sheep and money accumulated as time went by, our friend Pyke kept losing what is more valuable than either—health and strength. Although he was lord of the manor, he was physically a very little lord, as he weighed only seven stone. Yet a better time was coming, and the means by which he was to reach it was then on its way from England. One day a small package of pamphlets arrived at the post-office when he received his mail, and one of them fell into his hands. As soon as he saw what it was about he read it eagerly.

Among its contents was a simply written account of the malady called indigestion and dyspepsia. All the symptoms he had been tormented with since his young manhood were so clearly described that he recognised every one of them, like the faces of familiar enemies. There were also verified statements of cases as bad or worse than his own having been cured by a preparation named Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. But this awoke hope only to throw a shadow over it: for how on earth was he to get this medicine? England was too far away, and, so far as he then knew, there was not a drop of it in Australia. Presently, however, he found out that there was a chance that a shopkeeper seventy miles away might have it. Seventy miles was nothing when life and health were the goal to the race to be run. He travelled that distance, and to his unbounded delight, he obtained several bottles, carried them home more carefully than if they were nuggets of gold, took the contents as directed by the book, and in a short time gained a degree of health, strength, and vigour he had never known before.

In August 1889 Mr. Pyke, ex-Mayor of York, where he now owns large business interests, and one of the most successful and influential men in Western Australia, visited London, when he laid the above facts before the writer of this article. Said he, "I am proud of Australia and of what it has done for me, and prouder still of Seigel's Syrup, which, more than anything in the climate, has made me what I am. When they allude to 'Little Pyke,' as they used to call me, they now add the words, 'The Wonder of Western Australia.' If that medicine couldn't be had for less money, I would freely give £100 a bottle for it."

DRURY-LANE THE NATIONAL THEATRE.—TWICE DAILY, at 1.30 and 7.15. JACK AND THE BEANSTALK. Messrs. Nichols, Lane, Laurie, Griffiths, Conquest, Leopold, and Campbell. Misses Vernon, Faudelle, Hewitt, Lane, and Douglas.

LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART. EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock. THE DEAD HEART. Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Box-offices (Mr. J. Hunt) open daily. Ten to Five. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.

ADELPHI.—A. and S. GATTI. Sole Proprietors and Managers. Every Evening at Eight. LONDON DAY BY DAY by Geo. R. Sims and Henry Potting. Doors open at seven. Fare at 7.15. Box-offices open daily, Ten to Five.

ALEX. ROSS'S NOSE MACHINE. Applied to the nose for an hour daily, an ill-furnished nose is quickly changed. 10, 6d.; 100, 10s. 6d. 21, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C.

£2 Weekly Realised by Either Sex without hindrance to present occupation. For sample, etc., inclose addressed envelope to EVANS, WATTS, and CO. (P.), Merchants, Birmingham.

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS. The Safest Medicine.

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS. Cure Sick Headaches and Giddiness.

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DR. SCOTT'S PILLS. The Best Family Aperient Medicine.

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS. Cleanse the Blood.

DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS. Some unscrupulous persons, for the sake of making a larger profit, may try to persuade you to buy some preparation of their own. Do not do so, but insist on having Dr. Scott's Bilious and Liver Pills, which are wrapped in a square cream paper, bearing the name of the Proprietor, W. LAMBERT, 173, Seymour-place, London, W.

THIS PART BEGINS A NEW VOLUME.

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